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Incidents of Travel.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER II.

BETHLEHEM—ZION—JERUSALEM.

As I sat on a tomb in the Turkish cemetery the next morning (March 30th) watching the preparations for our departure, I almost dreaded the interest which every day would now bring, after the calm and quiet weeks we had spent in the desert. Our encampment looked much the same as it had done every morning for a month past; the Arab servants busy in taking down and packing the tents and a noisy quarrel going on in the midst—(this morning about a pistol having been stolen from one of the tents);—and the differences were only that there were spectators standing by, and that our camels had given place to horses and asses. But instead of the rocks and sands of the desert, Hebron was before my eyes, and the hills where Abraham spread his flocks, and the spot where he and his family lay buried. And before night, I should see the place where David was born and lived his shepherd life, and where Jesus was born. We had only twenty miles to travel this day to Bethlehem; but it was quite enough, for we were eager about every old tree, and well, and hill-top. The shrubs grew finer, and the wild flowers more abundant, the whole way; though the hills of Judah were wild and stony in parts, and no longer fit for pasturing such flocks as covered them when Abraham lived among them, or when the Hebrews drove in their cattle from the desert, or when David in his boyhood amused himself with slinging smooth stones from the brook while his father's sheep were feeding on the slopes. We sat down to rest and eat under the shade of a rock and a spreading tree; and for the hundredth time since we left Egypt it occurred to me how little we in England can enter into the meaning of David when in his divine songs, he speaks of the shade of rocks, and of the beauty of a tree planted by rivers of water, and all such cool images. When one has been slowly pacing on, hour after hour, over glaring sands or heated rocks, under a sun which makes every bit of leather or metal, and even one's outer clothing, feel scorching hot, and oppressing one's very breathing, the sight of a patch of dark shade is welcome beyond belief: and when one has dismounted and felt the coolness of the rocky wall and of the ground beneath it, and gathered the fresh weeds which cluster in its crevices, phrase after phrase of the Psalms and prophecies comes over one's mind, with a life and freshness as sweet as the blossoms in one's lap.

Our first sight of Bethlehem was beautiful. We came upon it suddenly, just when the yellow sunset light was richest. Bethlehem was on the rising ground on our right, massive looking (as all the villages of Palestine are) and shadowy, as the last sun-rays passed over it to gild the western hills, and another village which there lay high up embosomed in fig and olive orchards. The valley between, out of which we were rising lay in shadow. Before us, perched on a lofty ridge which rose between us and Jerusalem, was the convent of St. Elias, which we were to pass to-morrow. I was sorry to turn away from this view; but we had to take the right-hand road, and ride through the narrow streets of the village to the great convent, built over the spot where Jesus is believed by the friars to have been born.

It was too late this evening to see any of the sacred localities; but it was quite enough to have the moonlight streaming in during the whole night through the window of my lofty convent chamber and to think that on this hill took place the greatest event in the history of the world; and that in the fields near the gentle Ruth and about gleaming, little dreaming in those days of her poverty, that from her meeting with Boaz among the reapers of his harvests, would arise such events to the human race, that the shepherd grandchild, whose divine songs were to soothe her old age, should be the mighty king he was, and the father of a yet mightier, who should build the great temple of the Lord; and that a more distant descendant should make these glories appear as childish toys in the presence of his greater sovereignty over the universal human soul. A wise man of a late century has nobly said that "Prosperity is the promise of the Old Testament, and Adversity that of the New." On this hill was born the prosperity of the old dispensation; and on this hill was born the Man of Sorrows who knew the secret of true peace, and taught it in the saying that it profits not a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul.

In the morning we went into the church of the convent. I cared little for the upper part, with its Chapels for Greek, Latin, and Armenian worship; and not much more for the caverns underground, where the friars believed that Joseph and Mary remained while there was no room for them in the inn. If the town was too full to receive them while the people were collected for the cen-

ter, it is hardly probable that they would repair to an underground cave; but in this cave mass was going on this morning; and striking was the effect after coming down from the sunshine to the crowded cavern, with its yellow lights and their smoke, and the echoes of the chanting. We returned when the service was over, and saw the star in the marble floor which marks as the friars believe, the precise spot where Jesus was born, and the marble slab which is laid in the place of the manger. When I saw throughout the country how the Arabs now use the caves of the hills to bed their goats and cattle, this belief of the friars appeared less absurd than it would with us; but still, it is so improbable that the precise spot of these transactions (whose importance was not known until afterwards) should have been marked and remembered, that I felt little interested in them in comparison with the landscape outside, about whose leading features there could be no mistake.

From the bottom of the garden, we overlooked the great valley which expanded to the northeast; and one enclosure there—a green spot now occupied by olive trees—was pointed out to us as the field where the shepherds were abiding on the night when Christ was born. Behind it to the east, lay range behind range of hills, stretching off to the north; and among these, we knew lay the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, where it pours its waters into that lifeless and melancholy lake. As we left the convent and village, and descended these rocky roads, with terraced vineyards and olive groves on either hand, we knew that Joseph and Mary must have come by this way from Jerusalem when summoned to the census; and this was more to us than all the sights the friars had shown us in their zeal and kindness. We looked in at the tomb of Rachel, and at the convent of Elias; but our eyes, and thoughts were bent towards Jerusalem. I remember however, that here I first saw the waters of the Dead Sea, lying blue in a little gap between the hills.

As soon as I had mounted my ass, before the convent of Elias, I saw from our ridge some buildings on the rising ground which now showed itself before us. I was not immediately certain what they were; but the news soon spread among us. That rising ground was Zion, and those buildings belonged to Jerusalem, though they stood outside the wall. Immediately after, the walled city itself came into view, lying along the hills. Most of the party were disappointed. I was not—partly because I knew that we were approaching it from the least favorable side; and partly because my expectations had much underrated the size and grandeur of the city. What we now saw was a line of white walls on the hill-side, with some square buildings and small white domes rising within.

I walked the rest of the way. On our right were hills, the summit of one of which was Acladema, bought by the priests with the money which the wretched Judas returned to them, when he found too late what he had done in his attempt to force his Lord to assert his claim to a temporal sovereignty. On our left was the plain of Rephaim. When we arrived at the brow of the high ground we were on, we were taken by surprise by the grandeur of the scene. Zion now appeared worthy of her name, and of her place in the hymns of David, and in history. We were now overlooking the valley of Gibon, more commonly known by the name of Hinnom. From its depth and its precipitous rocks on our side, I should call it a ravine. This deep dell contains the Lower Pool, now dry; and the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools is seen crossing it obliquely. Its opposite side is Zion, rising very steeply, still terraced for tillage in some parts, and crowned by the city wall. To the right sweeping away from the ravine of Gibon, is the deep and grand valley of Jehoshaphat, clustered with rocks, relieved by trees, and leading the eye round to Olivet, which moreover is best seen from the other side of the city. The black dome of the tomb of David was the next object; and after that, the most conspicuous roof in the city—the great dome of the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's Temple.

By this time, there was silence among us. I walked behind our cavalcade, as I slowly ascended the beautiful rocky way—glad of the silence permitted by each to all; for it was not possible at the moment—not will it ever be possible—to speak of the Jaffa gate; and every echo of our horses' feet in the narrow, stony, picturesque streets, told upon our hearts as we said to ourselves that we were taking up our rest in Jerusalem.

I CANNOT FORGET.

'Tis folly, 'tis folly, I cannot forget;
Thine image is fresh in my memory yet,
Like an angel of light, 'tis still hovering near,
And words fondly spoken still sound in my ear.

I have tried thy loved image to banish from me;
But still thy fair form in its sorrow I see;
In public, in private, at sun-rise and set,
Fond memory lingers, I cannot forget.

Oh! ask me no more to cease thinking of thee,
Although perhaps parted forever we be;
I love thee as ever, though hope may be set,
While memory lingers, I cannot forget.

A boon for the Poor.—Ceylon rice has made its appearance in London, and is retailed at three halfpence per pound. It is as good as the Carolina, but the grain is smaller and browner.

THE FIERY THE WORLD HATES.—It is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good.
Sidney Smith.

A Jew's Reproof.—Major Noah, of New York, an Israelite, and a veteran editor, thus administers a reproof to nominal Christians, which, as it does not admit of a very satisfactory reply, may as well be patiently borne: "When we pass by them [the fashionable churches] on Sunday, and see the liveried servants waiting outside, while their masters and mistresses are worshipping within, we think that possibly the thing may be reversed in the next world, when the masters may have to stand outside."—Presbyterian.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH, ON THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

IN SENATE, MARCH 23, 1848.

The Senate having under consideration the bill from the House of Representatives to authorize a loan not to exceed the sum of sixteen millions of dollars, Mr. Webster addressed the Senate on the subject of the Mexican war is a speech of considerable length of which we find the following account in the Senate's Official Report:

Mr. Webster said: Mr. President, on Friday a bill passed the Senate for the raising of ten regiments of new troops for the further prosecution of the war against Mexico, and we have been informed that the measure is shortly to be followed in this branch of the Legislature, by a bill to raise twenty regiments of volunteers for the same service. I was desirous, sir, on Friday to express my opinion against the object of those bills, against the supposed necessity which leads to their enactment, and against the general policy which they are apparently designed to promote. Circumstances personal to myself, but beyond my control, compelled me to forego on that day the execution of this design. The bill now before the Senate is a measure for raising money to meet the expenses of the Government, and to provide the means as well for other things as for the pay and support of these thirty regiments.

Sir, the scenes through which we have passed and are passing here are various. For a fortnight the world supposes us to have been occupied with the ratification of a treaty of peace and that within these walls—
"The world shut out"—
notes of peace, hopes of peace, nay: strong assurances of peace, and immediate peace, have been uttered to console us and to cheer us. It has been over and over again stated that we have ratified a treaty—of course a treaty of peace; and as the country has been led to suppose, not of uncertainty, and empty, and delusive peace, but real, gratifying, and enduring peace; a peace that shall stanch the wounds of war, prevent the further effusion of blood, cut off these enormous expenses, and return our friends, and our brothers, and our children (if they be yet living) from a land of slaughter, and a land of still more destruction by climate, to our firesides and our arms.—Hardly have those halcyon sessions ceased upon our ear until in resumed public session, we are summoned to fresh warlike operations; to the creation of a new army of thirty thousand men for the further prosecution of the war—to carry our power in the language of the President still more directly into the vital parts of our enemy, and press home, by the power of the sword, the claims that we insist upon, against a fallen, prostrate, and I had almost said an ignoble foe. If I may judge of the opinion of the honorable member from Michigan, or others speeches delivered in this chamber, there has not been a time from the commencement of the war when it has been more urgently pressed upon us, not only to maintain but to increase our military means; not only to continue the war, but to press it with more vigor at the present time. Pray, what does all this mean? Pray, sir, I ask; it is confessed, then, that we are no nearer to peace than we were when we snatched up a bit of paper called, or mis-called, a treaty, and ratified it! Have we yet to fight it out to the utmost, as if no pacification had intervened? I wish to treat the proceedings of this and every department of this Government with the utmost respect. God knows that the constitution of this Government, and the exercise of its just powers in the administration of the laws under it, have been the cherished object of all my unimportant life. But if the subject was not too deeply interesting, I should say that our proceedings here might well engender a smile. In the ordinary transaction of foreign relations in this and all other Governments the course has been to negotiate first and ratify afterwards. This would seem to be the natural order of conducting intercourse between foreign States. We have chosen to reverse the order. We ratify first and negotiate afterwards. We set up a treaty such as we find it, and such as we choose to make it, and then we send two ministers plenipotentiary to negotiate thereupon in the capital of the enemy. One should think, sir, that the ordinary course of proceeding was much the wiser: that to negotiate, hold intercourse, come to some arrangement by authorized agents, and then to submit that arrangement to the sovereign authority, to which those agents are responsible, would be always the most desirable method of procedure. It strikes me that the course we have adopted is strange, is grotesque. So far as I know, it is unprecedented in the history of diplomatic intercourse. Learned gentlemen on the floor of the Senate, interested to defend and vindicate this course, may, in their extensive reading, have found examples. I know none.

Sir, we are in possession, by military power, of New Mexico and California, countries belonging hitherto to the United States of Mexico. We are informed by the President that it is his purpose to retain; to consider "them as territories" fit to be attached, and to be attached, to these United States of America; and the military operations

and designs now before the Senate are intended to enforce this claim of the Executive of the U. States. We are to compel Mexico to agree that that part of her dominions called New Mexico, and that other part called California, shall be ceded to us. We are now in possession of these territories it is said, and she will be compelled to yield the title. "This is the precise object of this now army of thirty thousand men. It is the identical object, sir, in my judgment, for which the war was originally commenced, for which it has been hitherto prosecuted, and in furtherance of which this treaty is to be used but as one of the means to bring about the general result; that general result depending, after all, upon our superior power and the necessity of submitting to any terms which we prescribe to fallen, fallen, fallen Mexico!

The members composing the other House—the more popular branch of Congress—have been elected since, I had almost said the fatal, the remarkable incidents of the 11th of May, 1846; and it has passed a resolution affirming that "the war with Mexico was begun unconstitutionally and unnecessarily by the Executive government of the United States." I concur in that sentiment. I hold that to be the most recent, authentic expression of the will and the opinions of the people of the United States. There is another proposition not so authentically announced hitherto, but in my judgment equally true—equally capable of demonstration; and that is, that this war was begun, has been continued, and is now prosecuted, for the great and leading purpose of the acquisition of new territory, out of which to bring new States, with a Mexican population, into the Union of the United States. It is unavowed at first, this purpose did not remain unavowed long.—However often it may be said that we did not go to war for conquest—*credat Judeus Sapientia!*—yet the moment we get possession of the territory, it is said that we must retain it and make it our own. Now, I think the original object has not been changed. Sir, I think it still exists in the eyes of those who originally contemplated it—who began the war for it; that it is as attractive to them, and from which they have no desire to avert their eyes now than they had then; or have had at any time since we have compelled a treaty of session.

We know in our consciences that it is compelled! We use it as an instrument and an agency, in conjunction with other instrumentalities and agencies of a more formidable or destructive character, to enforce the acquisition of Mexico in the acquisition, by us of new territory to form new States—new States to be added to this Union.—Every intelligent man knows that there is a strong desire in the heart of the Mexican citizen to retain the territories belonging to that republic.—We know that the Mexican people part with their territory—if part they must—with regret, with pang of sorrow. That we know the cession is altogether forced; and therefore, because we know it must be forced—because we know that whatever the Government, which is our creature, may do or agree to—we know that the Mexican people will never accede to the terms of this treaty but through an impulse of absolute necessity, and the impression made upon them by absolute irresistible force. Therefore we propose to overwhelm them with another army. We propose to raise immediately ten regiments of regular troops and twenty regiments of volunteers, and to pour them in and upon the Mexican people.

Now, sir, I should be happy to concur, notwithstanding all this incense, and all this cry of all the Semproniuses in the land that their voice is still for war—I should be happy to agree, and substantially I do agree, with the honorable member from South Carolina, that after all, the war with Mexico is substantially over, that there can be no more fighting. My opinion in the present state of things is that the people of this country will not sustain this war. They will not go to the expense. They will not find any gratification in putting the bayonet to the throat of the Mexican people. For my part, I hope the ten regiment bill will never become a law. Three weeks ago I should have entertained that hope with the utmost confidence. Events since have struck me with pain and shaken my conviction. Still I hope it will not pass. And here, I dare say, I shall be called a "Mexican Whig." A man who can stand up here and say that he hopes that what the Administration projects for the further prosecution of the war against Mexico will not be carried into effect is "an enemy to the country"; or, what gentlemen would consider the same thing, an enemy of the President of the United States and his administration and his party. He is a "Mexican!" Sir, I think very badly of the Mexican character, high and low, out and out; but names do not terrify me. Besides, if I am a sufferer in this respect, if I be made the subject of reproach by these stipendiary presses, these hired abusers of the motives of public men. I have had the honor on this occasion to be in very respectable company. In the vituperative, the accusative, the denunciatory sense of that term, I do not know a greater Mexican in this body than the honorable member from Michigan at the head of the Military Committee.

Mr. Cass. I should like the honorable gentleman to explain what sort of Mexican I am.

Mr. Webster. That is exactly the thing I now propose to do.

Mr. Cass. I shall be glad to hear the explanation.

Mr. Webster. In his remarks on this bill in the Senate, the other day, the honorable gentleman told us that his object was to frighten Mexico—it would touch his humanity to hurt her.

Mr. Cass. Does the honorable gentleman mean to say that I made such a remark?

Mr. Webster. I mean to say that the gentleman said it twice.

Mr. Cass. I beg the gentleman's pardon. I said no such thing. Will the gentleman allow me to state what I did say? I remarked that these regiments; one was the vigorous prosecution of the war; and secondly, to produce a moral effect upon Mexico by convincing her of our determination, and thereby hold out an inducement to her to make peace.

Mr. Webster. The gentleman said that his principal object was to "frighten" Mexico, and that that would be more humane than to harm Mexico.

Mr. Cass. (in his seat). True.

Mr. Webster. It is true? Very well, I thought as much. Now the remarkable characteristic of his speech which makes it so much a Mexican speech is, that the gentleman spoke it in

the hearing of Mexico as well as in the hearing of the Senate. We have been accused, sir, of being "Mexican Whigs" because what we say here is heard in Mexico, and Mexico derives countenance and support from what is said here. But the honorable member comes forth and tells Mexico that his object is to frighten her! His words have passed along the wires, they are on the Gulf, they are floating away to Vera Cruz; and, when they get there, they will satisfy the Mexicans that, after all—after all, "ye good Mexicans, our principal object is to frighten you!" And, to the end that they may not be frightened too much, he gives them notice that the object is to frighten them! Mr. President, when Snug, the joiner, was to represent the lion, and roar on the stage, he was quite apprehensive that he might too much frighten the "duchess and the ladies," and, therefore, by the advice of his comrade, one Nicholas Bottom, he wisely concluded that in the heat and fury of his effort he would show one-half his face and say: "Ladies, fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours if you think I came hither as a lion it were pity of my life! No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are; I'm Snug, the joiner!"

But, sir, in any view of this case—in any view of the proper policy of this Government, according to any man's apprehension and judgment—where is the necessity of this augmentation of regiments of the military force of the country?—I hold in my hand a note, I suppose substantially correct, of the present military forces of the United States. I will not vouch for its entire accuracy, but I believe it is substantially correct, to fact. There are now twenty-five regiments of regular troops of various arms, which, if full, would give us a force of 25,000 rank and file, and including officers, thirty thousand and odd men. These, with the exception of six or seven hundred men, are now all without the limits of the United States, in field service in Mexico, or on the route to Mexico. These regiments are not full. Casualties and the climate have sadly reduced their numbers. If the recruiting service would now yield ten thousand men, it would not more than fill up those regiments, so as to give the field officers their full command. I understand, sir, that the report from Gen. Scott—Gen. Scott! A man that has performed the most brilliant campaign in military annals; a man that has waged against the enemy, warred against the climate, warred against a thousand unpropitious circumstances, and carried the flag of his country to the capital of the enemy, honorably, proudly, humanely, to his own permanent honor and the great credit of his country, Gen. Scott! And where is he? At Puebla, undergoing an inquiry before his inferior in office, and other persons not in office, while the high powers that he exercised, and exercised with so much distinction, are turned over to another, I do not mean to say an unworthy gentleman, but his inferior in military rank and station.

But General Scott reports, as I understand, that in February there were twenty thousand regular troops under his command, and *en route*. Add the thirty regiments of volunteers—and if all full they would make thirty four thousand men, officers included, over thirty five thousand, and there would be a force of regulars and volunteers amounting to not less than fifty-five or sixty thousand men, including the recruits on the way. If my information be exact, and the honorable member from Michigan can correct me if it be not—I presume that it is correct—in February Gen. Scott had under him in Mexico thirty thousand troops regulars and volunteers. Now, all these troops are regularly officered. There is no deficiency of officers in the line or in the staff; they are all full. Whatever deficiency there is consists of men.—Now, sir, there is, a plausible reason for saying that it is difficult to recruit at home for the supply of deficiencies in the volunteer regiments. It will be said that volunteers choose to enlist under officers of their own selection; that they do not incline to enlist here as individual volunteers, when the regiment is abroad under officers of whom they know nothing. There may be something in that; but pray to what does that conclusion lead? Does it not lead to this, that all those volunteer corps must moulder away, so far as the privates are concerned, and come to nothing? Meantime the places of the commissioned officers are continually filled, the regiments being full of officers, although the privates, by casualty and disease, are reduced to less in number than the officers themselves.—But however that may be, in regard to the recruiting for the regular service, you can fill up the regiments by pay and bounty, according to existing laws, or new laws, if new laws be necessary. There is no reason upon earth why we should now create five hundred new officers for the purpose of getting ten thousand new men. There are officers to command them. All that is wanted is men; and there is a place for them, and I suppose that no gentleman can stand up here or elsewhere and say that the recruiting service can go on faster than it will be necessary to go on in order to fill up the deficiencies in the regiments abroad.

But now what do we want with a greater force than we already have in Mexico. Without asking what need there is for a supply of deficiencies in the existing regiments, what do we want beyond the thirty thousand regulars and volunteers now in field service? What is the purpose?—There is no army to fight. I suppose the enemy has not five hundred men together under arms in any part of Mexico. Except in one instance, perhaps, there is no Government to resist us. It is notorious that the Government of Mexico is on our side. It is our instrument, by which we hope to establish such a peace and accomplish such a treaty as we wish. As far as I can understand the matter, the Government of Mexico owes its life and breath and being, at this moment, to the support of our arm; and to hope—I will not say how inspired—that somehow or another, and at a distant period, there may be pecuniary means arising from our three millions, or our twelve millions, or some other of our millions. What do we propose to do, then, with those thirty regiments that we design to pour into Mexico?—Are we going to cut the throats of the Mexicans? Are we going to plunge the sword deeper and deeper into the vital part of Mexico? What do we propose to do? Sir, I see no object, and yet we are pressed and urged to adopt this proposition in its full length—ten regiments of regulars, and twenty regiments of volunteers.—We are told, and the

public is told, and the public believe, that we are on the verge of a safe and honorable peace. Every man looks out in the morning for tidings of confirmed peace, or confirmed hopes of peace. He gathers it from the Administration, and every organ of the Administration, from Dan to Beecher; and yet the warlike operations—the incurring of additional expenses—the imposition of new charges upon the Treasury, are pressed here as if peace was not in all our thoughts, at least not in any of our expectations!

Now, sir, I propose to hold some plain talk today; and I say that, according to my best judgment and apprehension of matters, the main object of these bills is patronage—office—the gratification of friends. This very measure for ten additional regiments creates four or five hundred officers, colonels and sub-lieutenants, and not them only for whom I have some respect, but then there comes paymasters, contractors, persons engaged in the transport service, commissaries, even down to sutlers, *et id genus omnia*—people who handle the public money, without facing the foe; one and all, the true descendants, if not the true representatives of corporal Nym, who said

"For I shall sutler by
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue."

Sir, I hope, without disrespect to those applicants and aspirants, and those patriots, some of them patriots ready to fight, and those other patriots not willing to fight, but willing to be paid—I hope, without disrespect to any of them, according to their rank and station and merits, that they may be all disappointed. I hope, sir, as the weather grows genial and the season advances, they will, on the whole, find it their interest to place themselves, one of these mild mornings, in the cars, and take their destination to their respective places of honorable private occupation and civil employment. They have my good wishes, that, bidding adieu to the avenue and the Capitol, and the parlors of the President's House, they may reach their homes in good health themselves and find their families all very happy to receive them.

But, sir, *paulo majora canamus!* This war was waged for the purpose of creating new States near the southern portion of the United States, out of Mexican territory, and with such population as might be found resident there. I understand, sir, that I project. I am against the creation of new States. I am against the acquisition of territory to form new States. And this, Sir, is not a matter of sentimentality, which I am to parade before mass meetings or before my constituents at home. It is with me no matter of declamation, or of expressed repugnance. It is a matter of firm, unchangeable purpose, to yield, in no force of circumstances that have occurred or that I may consider likely to occur; and therefore I say, sir, that if I am asked to-day whether for the sake of peace I will make a treaty that brings two new States into this Union on its southern boundary, I say no, distinctly no! and I wish every man in the Union to understand that to my judgment and my purpose. I have said on the southern boundary, because there the present proposition takes its locality. I would say the same of the western, the northern, the eastern, or any other boundary. I would resist to-day, and to the end, here and every where, any proposition to add any foreign territory, on the south or west, north or east, to the States of this Union, as they are now constituted and held together under the constitution. I do not want the colonies of England on the north; I will little desire the Mexican population on the south. I resist and reject all, and all with equal resolution; and therefore, I say, that if the question is put to me to-day whether I will take peace in the present state of the country—distressed as it is—in the exigency of this war, odious as it is—in circumstances so afflictive to the community, and so disturbing to the business of those whom I represent as those which now surround us—I say still that if the question be put to me whether I will have peace, with new States, I say no—no—no! Why? Because, sir, there is no necessity of being driven into the dilemma, in my judgment, other gentlemen may think differently. I own no man's conscience but mine own. I mean to make a clean breast for myself, and I protest that I see no reason whatever to believe that we cannot obtain as safe a peace, as honorable a peace, and as prompt a peace, without territory as with it. The things are separable. There is no necessary connexion between them. Mexico does not wish us to take her territory that she may receive our money.—Far from it. She yields her assent—if she yield it at all—reluctantly, and we all know it. If she yield, it is the result of force; and there is not a man here that does not know it. Let me say, sir, that if this Treaty shall finally be rejected in Mexico, it is most likely to be, because those who, under our protection prepared it, cannot persuade the Mexican Congress or the Mexican people to agree to this cession of territory. The thing most likely to break up, what is now expected to take place is the repugnance of the Mexican people to part with Mexican territory. They would prefer to keep their territory, and that we should keep our money; or we resolve that we should keep our money and allow them to keep their territory.—We shall see. I pretend to no powers of prediction. I do not know what may happen.—The times are full of strange events. But I think it probable that if the treaty which has been made to Mexico shall fail to be ratified, it will be because of the aversion of the Mexican Congress or the Mexican people to cede the territories, or any portion of them, belonging to their republic.

I have said, sir, that I would rather have no peace for the present than to have a peace that brings territories for new States, and the reason is that I believe we can get a peace, just as soon without territory as with it—a peace, more safe, more enduring—vastly more honorable to us, the great republic of the western world. I trust gentlemen say that we must have some territory, that the people demand it. I deny it, at least I say I see no proof of it whatever. I do not doubt that there are individuals here and there, of an enterprising character, disposed to emigrate, who know nothing about New Mexico, but that it is far off; who are tired of the dull pursuits of agriculture and civil life. I dare say that there are hundreds and thousands of such persons who wish for territory in which to seek their fortunes. Whatever is new is attractive to such minds; they feel the spirit of a borderer, and that is, I take it, to be pretty tolerably content with his condition till somebody passes beyond him; and then his disposition to take up his "traps" and pass beyond him who has passed himself, and sit down further off; it

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